



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

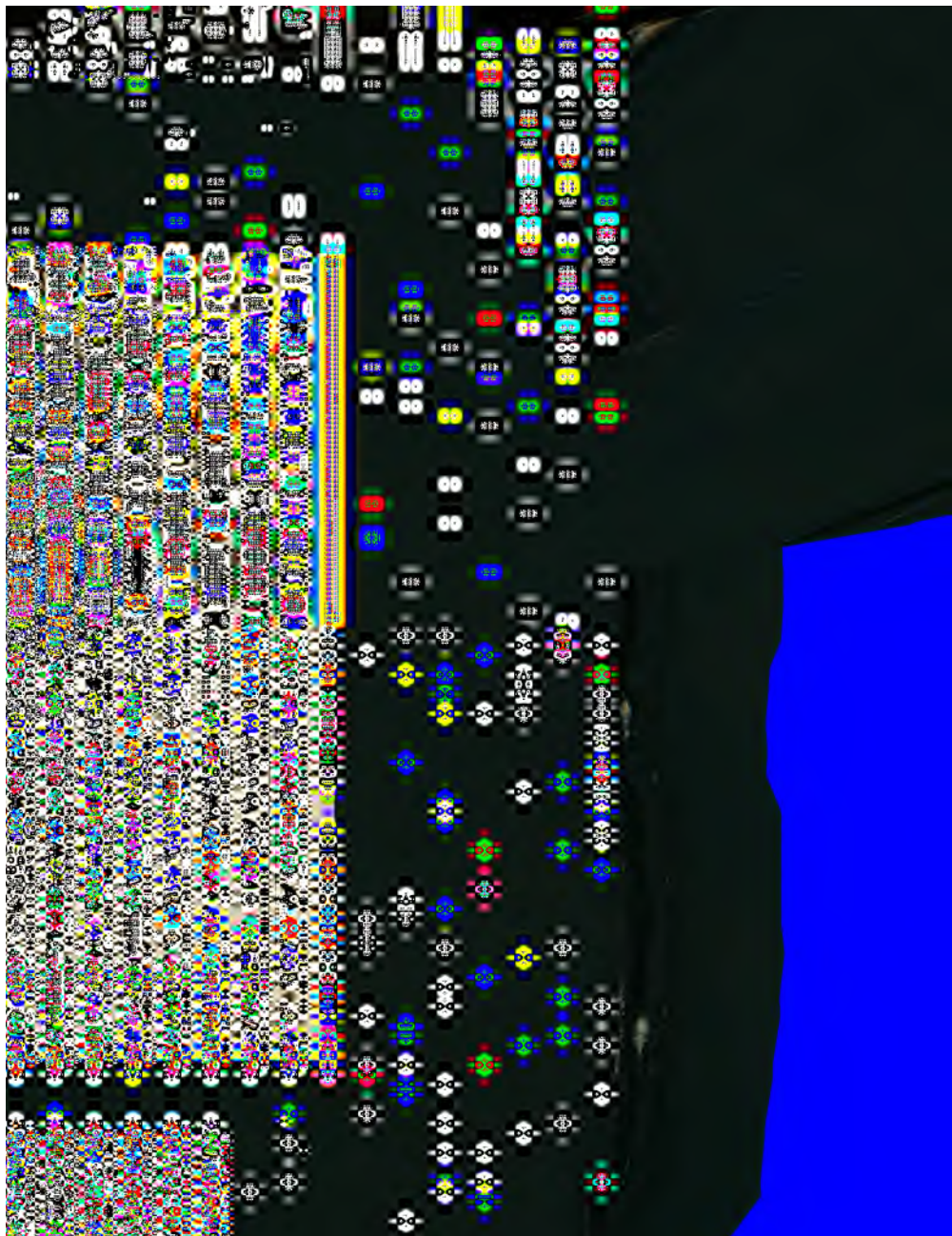
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



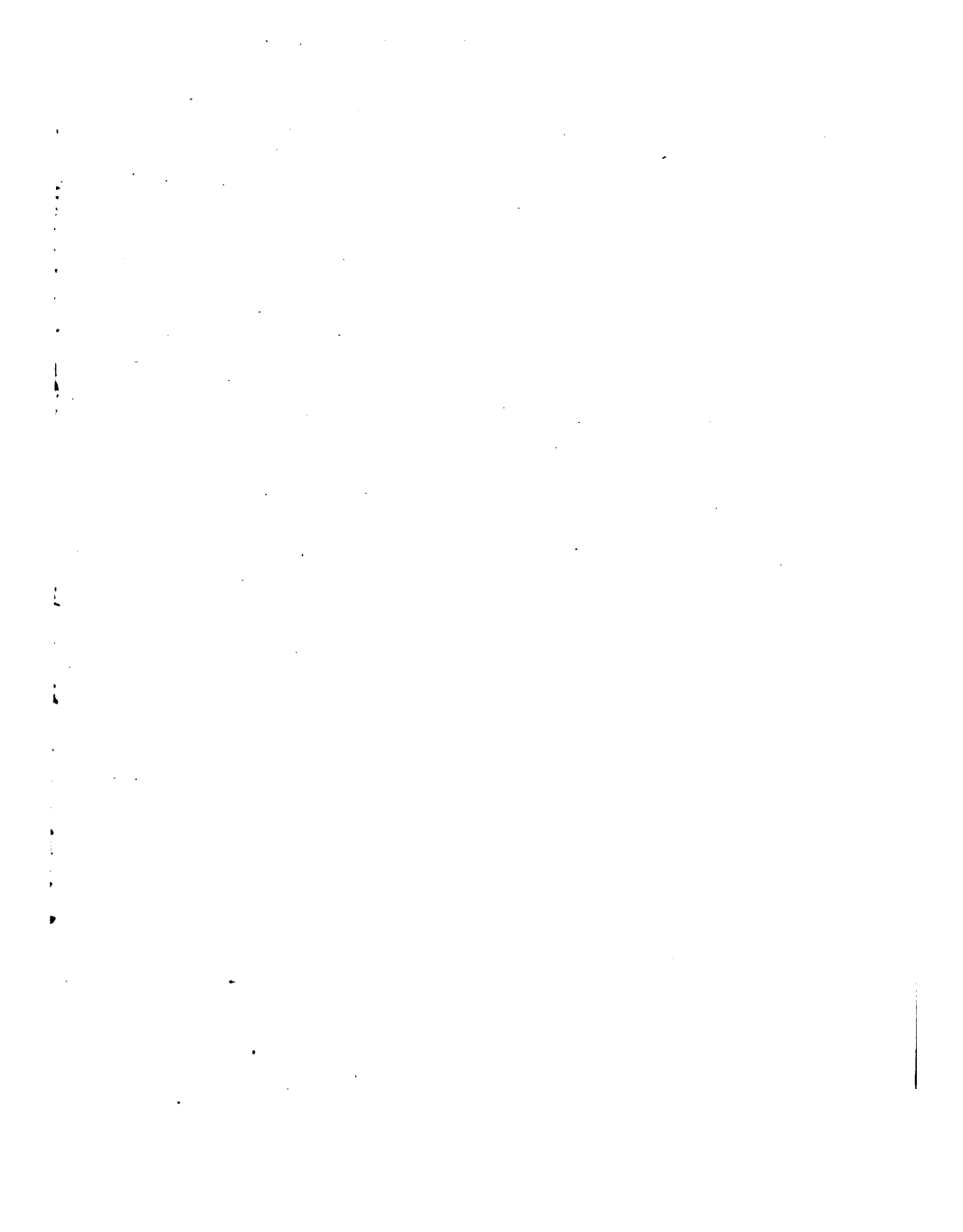


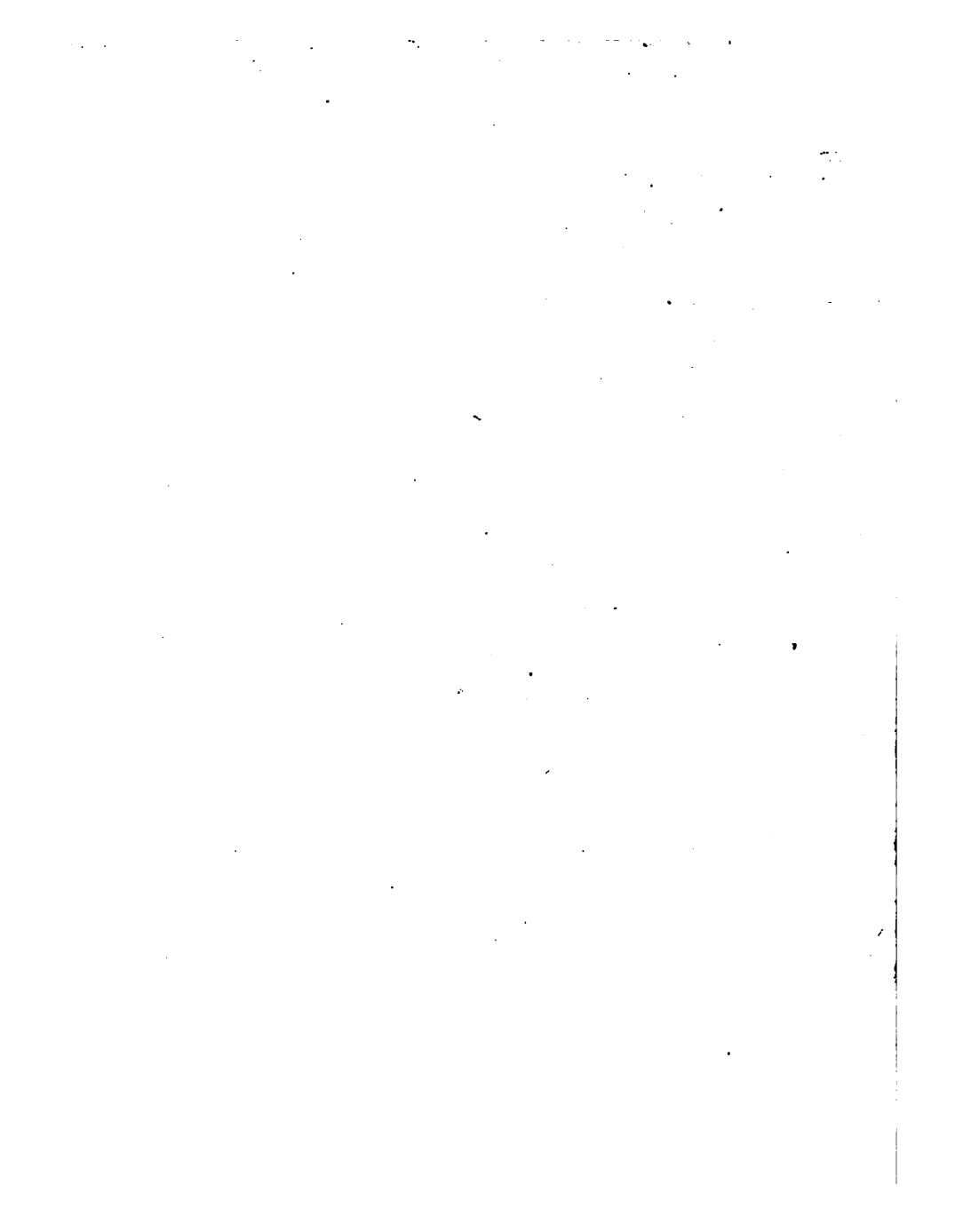
~~Summit 3/1/85~~

119
50

parallel front

m
as





GREENS
FOR
CHRISTMAS.



CHARLES L. MOREAU.

1874.

AL427.74



Lane fund



TO
HENRY T. DROWNE,
AS A
GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGEMENT
OF
FRIENDLY SERVICES
THIS BOOK
IS
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
BY THE
PRINTER.

CONTENTS.

—:O:—

	Page.
PREFACE, by H. T. Drowne.	11.
CHRISTMAS EVE, H. T. Drowne,	15.
CHRISTMAS CAROL, Rev. A. J. Ryan.	19.
TIRED, Miss L. E. Du Flon.	51.
FOUR PICTURES, E. W. Du Flon.	57.
NEW YEAR'S EVE, C. L. Moreau.	63.

—:O:—:O:—

PREFACE.

Amongst the most meritorious of the works printed by Charles L. Moreau, on his Analectic Press, is the Christmas Carol of the Rev. A. J. Ryan, of Mobile, Alabama. It was published in the " BANNER OF THE SOUTH, " at Augusta, Georgia, on, or about Christmas, 1865, and reprinted by the " FREEMAN'S JOURNAL " of this city, in its issue of the 2nd of January, 1866, with the following editorial comment:

" It is too fine a composition to rest in the columns of any one paper. We insist on copying it, and if the robbery is too great to be submitted to, we will acquiesce in any damages that the publishers of the " Banner " may assess against us. "

PREFACE.

This Carol therefore is eminently worthy of being reproduced in its present more accessible form and it will be perused by all the readers of the " Greens for Christmas " with deepened interest. Its modest merit and kindly spirit will always win for it an estimable place among the Christmas Carols that shall last —

" Like foot prints on the sands of time. "

It is moreover not too much to say that its talented author must henceforth be classed with the best of the Christmas Poets.

Mr. Ryan has been sometimes called the " Cypress-crowned Poet, " but, he is much better and more generally known, as " the Poet-Priest of the South. " He will also be long remembered for his Poems entitled " The conquered Banner, " and " The Sword of Lee. "

And here we hope to be excused, if, in recalling the past, we use the words of Halleck at the grave of the lamented Drake —

" Green be the turf above thee, "
to the memories of all entered into rest that

PREFACE.

have ever been associated with Christmas. It is well at such a time as this to mention not only the dead but the living writers.

Old Mortality has impressed most deeply on the tablets of memory Isaiah, St. Paul, St. John, St. Matthew, St. Luke, St. Thomas and others of the "OLD AND NEW TESTAMENTS," as well as a countless host of writers in the Latin, Greek and English Churches. Crowning the list of those enshrined in English Literature and never to be forgotten stands Washington Irving with his graceful description of the customs at Christmas in the olden times in England, so admirably illustrated in the "ARTISTS' EDITION OF THE SKETCH BOOK." In close proximity come William Shakespeare, Geoffrey Chaucer, Walter Scott, John Milton, Jeremy Taylor, John Donne, George Herbert, John Keble, George Wither, Ben Jonson, Thomas Miller, John Bampfylde, William Wordsworth, Albert Smith, John Clare, J. Bridgeman, Eliza Cook, John Gay, Bryan Waller Procter (Barry Cornwall), William M.

PREFACE.

Thackeray, Bishop Hall, Saml. Taylor Coleridge, Alfred Dommett, Felicia D. Hemans, Clement C. Moore, Henry W. Longfellow, Alfred Tennyson, William C. Bryant, George Wm. Curtis, Charles Dickens, Wm. C. Prime, Chas. C. Jones Jr., Wm. Pitt Palmer, Solomon Alosfen, George H. Moore, Francis L. Hawks, Richard H. Stoddard, W. J. Blew, John Mason Neale, Edmund H. Sears, James Montgomery, Thomas Campbell, Thomas Moore, Lord Byron, Saml. Woodworth, Barnaby Gouge, Charles Lamb, Percy Bysshe Shelley, Robert Southey, Thomas Hood, Michael Angelo, Robert Burns, Thomas Gray, Alexander Pope, Izack Walton, Emanuel Spenser, Reginald Heber, Isaac Watts, James Elwin Millard, Sir Robert Grant, Nahum Tate, Chas. Wesley, Edwin M. Stone, Benson J. Lossing, Robert Herrick, S. Rogers, Geo. L. Duyckinck, Stephen Whitney Phoenix, Caleb Fiske Harris, Eliza Hall Ward, Evert A. Duyckinck, and many others more or less associated with Christmas memories.

NEW YORK, Nov, 30, 1874. H. T. D.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

A SONNET.

At length the eve most welcome of the year
Arrives to greet us with its goodly cheer:
The greens in Christian homes are widely spread,
And sadly we recall the sainted dead
Who come unseen to meet the festive throng
Of those that love to sing the angels song: —
“ Glory to God on high, on earth be peace,
Good will to men, ” in notes that never cease.
We gather, too, around the Christmas tree
And join in carols, songs and mirthful glee.
At last, we go to rest with childlike trust,
As when our bodies crumble into dust,
To rise and hear the Christmas bells that ring
At early dawn, to honor CHRIST our KING.

X^{mas} }
Tide } 1874

H. T. D.

A Christmas Carol.

BY REV. A. J. RYAN.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

They ask me to sing a Christmas song,
That with musical mirth shall ring;
How know I that the world's great throng
Will care for the words I sing?

Let the young and the gay chant the Christmas lay,
For their voices and hearts are glad;
But I — I am old, and my locks are grey,
And they tell me my voice is sad.

Ah! once I could sing, when my heart beat warm
With hopes bright as Life's bright spring;
But the Spring hath fled, and the golden charm
Hath gone from the songs I sing.

I have lost the spell that my verse could weave
O'er the souls of the old and young;
And never again — how it makes me grieve —
Shall I sing as once I sung.

Why ask a song? ah! perchance you believe,
Since my days are so nearly past,
'That the song you'll hear this Christmas Eve,
Is the old man's best and last.

Do you want the jingle of rythm and rhyme?
Art's sweet but meaningless notes;
Of the music of Thought? that, like the chime
— Of a grand Cathedral, floats

Out of each word, and along each line,
Into the spirit's ear,
Lifting it up, and making it pine
For a something far from Here;

Bearing the wings of the soul aloft
From earth and its shadows dim;
Soothing the breast with a sound as soft
As a dream of a Seraph's hymn;

Evoking the solemnest hopes and fears
From our being's higher part,
Dimming the eyes with radiant tears
That flow from a spell-bound heart.

Do they want a song that is only a song,
With no mystical meanings rife?
Or a music that solemnly moves along—
The undertone of life.

Well then, I'll sing; though I know not art,
Nor the Poet's rhymes nor rules—
A melody moves through my aged heart
Not learned in books or schools;

A music I learned in the days long gone—
I cannot tell where or how—
But no matter where, it still sounds on
Back of this wrinkled brow.

And down in my heart I hear it still,
Like the echoes of far-off bells;
Like the dreamy sound of a Summer rill
Flowing through fairy dells.

But what shall I sing for the world's gay throng?
And what the words of the old man's song?

The world, they tell me, is so giddy grown,

That thought is rare;
And thoughtless minds and shallow hearts alone
Hold empire there;

That fools have prestige, place, and power, and fame;
Can it be true?

That wisdom is a scorn, a hissing shame,
And the wise are few?

They tell me too, that all is venal, and vain,
With high and low;

That Truth and Honor are the slaves of Gain;
Can it be so?

That lofty Principle hath long been dead
And in a shroud;

That Virtue walks ashamed, with down-cast head,
Amid the crowd.

They tell me, too, that few are they who own

God's Law and Love;
That thousands, living for this earth alone,
Look not above:
That daily, hourly, from bad to worse,
Men tread the path,
Blaspheming God, and careless of the curse
Of His dread wrath.
And must I sing for slaves of sordid gain?
Or to the Few,
Shall I not dedicate this Christmas strain,
Who still are true?
No — not for the False shall I strike the strings
Of the lyre that was mute so long,
If I sing at all — the grey bard sings
For the Few and the True his song.
And ah! there is many a changeful mood
That o'er my spirit steals;
Beneath their spell, and in verses rude,
Whatever he dreams or feels;
Whatever the fancies, this Christmas Eve,

Are haunting the lonely man ;
Whether they gladden or whether they grieve,
He'll sing them as best he can.
Though some of the strings of his lyre are broke,
This holiest night of the year,
Who knows how his melody may wake
A Christmas smile and tear.
So on with the mystic song
With its meanings manifold —
Two tones in every word,
Two thoughts in every tone ;
In the measured words that move along
One meaning shall be heard,
One thought to all be told —
But under it all, to me alone —
And under it all, to all unknown —
As safe as under a coffin lid,
Deep meanings shall be hid —
Find them out who can!
The thoughts concealed and unrevealed
In the song of the lonely man.

* * * * *

I'm sitting alone in my silent room
This long December night;
Watching the fire-flame fill the gloom
With many a picture bright.
Ah! how the fire can paint!
His magic skill how strange!
How every spark
On the canvas dark
Draws figures and forms so quaint!
And how the pictures change!
One moment how they smile!
And in less than a little while,
In the twinkling of an eye,
Like the gleam of a summer sky,
The beaming smiles all die.
From gay to grave — from grave to gay,
The faces change in the shadows grey,
And just as I wonder who are they,
Over them all,
Like a funeral pall
The folds of the shadows drop and fall,
And the charm is gone,

And every one
Of the pictures fades away.
Ah! the fire within my grate
Hath more than Raphael's power.
Is more than Raphael's peer —
More than he in a year;
And the pictures hanging 'round me here
This holy Christmas Eve,
No Artist's pencil could create,
No Painter's art conceive.
Ah! those cheerful faces
Wearing youthful graces;
I gaze on them until I seem
Half awake and half in a dream.
There are brows without a mark,
Features without a shade;
There are eyes without a tear;
There are lips unused to sigh.
Ah!! never mind — you soon shall die.
All those faces soon shall fade,
Fade into the dreary dark,
Like their pictures hanging here.

— Lo! those tearful faces,
Bearing Age's traces!
I gaze on them, and they on me,
Until I feel sorrow steal
Through my heart so drearily;
There are faces furrowed deep;
There are eyes that used to weep;
There are brows beneath a cloud;
There are hearts that want to sleep.
Never mind! the shadows creep
From the death land; and a shroud,
Tenderly as mother's arm,
Soon shall shield the old from harm,
Soon shall wrap its robe of Rest
Round each sorrow-haunted breast.
— Ah! that face of Mother's
Sister's, too, and Brother's —
And so many others,
Dear in every name —
And, wherever they are to-night, I know
They look the very same
As in their picture hanging here

This night to Memory dear,
And painted by the flames
With tomb-stones in the back-ground,
And shadow for their frames.

And thus, with my pictures only,
And the fancies they unweave
Alone, and yet not lonely,
I keep my Christmas Eve.

I'm sitting alone in my pictured room —

But, no! they have vanished all —

I'm watching the fire-glow fade into gloom,

I'm watching the ashes fall.

And far away back of the cheerful blaze

The beautiful visions of by-gone days

Are rising before my raptured gaze.

Ah! Christmas fire, so bright and warm,

Hast thou a wizard's magic charm

To bring those far-off scenes so near

And make my past days meet me here?

Tell me — tell me — how is it?

'The past is past, and here I sit,

And there, lo! there before me rise,
Beyond your glowing flame,
The Summer suns of Childhood's Skies,
Yes — Yes — the very same!
I saw them rise, long, long ago;
I played beneath their golden glow;
And I remember yet,
I often cried with strange regret,
When in the West I saw them set.
And there they are again;
The suns, the skies, the very days
Of childhood, just beyond that blaze!
But, ah! such visions almost craze
The old man's puzzled brain!
I thought the Past was past.

But, no! it cannot be;
'T is here to-night with me!
How is it then? The Past of Men
Is part of one Eternity —
The days of yore we so deplore,
They are not dead — they are not fled,

They live and for evermore.

And thus my Past comes back to me

With all it's visions fair.

Ah! Past! could I go back to thee,

And live for ever there!

But, no! there's frost upon my hair;

My feet have trod a path of care;

And worn and wearied here I sit,

I am too tired to go to it.

And thus with visions only,

And the fancies they unweave

Alone, and yet not lonely,

I keep my Christmas Eve.

I'm sitting alone in my fire-lit room —

But, no! the fire is dying,

And the weary-voiced winds in the outer gloom,

Are sad, and I hear them sighing;

The wind has a voice to pine —

Plaintive, and pensive, and low —

Hath it a heart, like mine or thine?

Knoweth it weal or woe?

How it wails, in a ghost-like strain,
Just against that window pane!
As if it were tired of its long, cold flight,
And wanted to rest with me to-night.

Cease, night-winds, cease;

Why should you be sad?

This is a night of joy and peace,
And Heaven and Earth are glad!

But still the wind's voice grieves!

Perchance over the fallen leaves,
Which, in their Summer bloom,
Danced to the music of bird and breeze,
But, torn from the arm of their parent trees,
Lie now in their wintry tomb,
Mute types of man's own doom.

And thus with the night winds only,
And the fancies they unweave
Alone, and yet not lonely,
I keep my Christmas Eve.

How long have I been dreaming here?
Or have I dreamed at all?

My fire is dead — my pictures fled —
There's nothing left but shadows drear.
Shadows on the wall:
Shifting, flitting,
Round me, sitting
In my old arm chair —
Rising — sinking
Round me, thinking,
Till in the maze of many a dream,
I'm not myself; and I almost seem
Like one of the shadows there.
Well, let the shadows stay!
I wonder who are they?
I cannot say; but I almost believe
They know to-night is Christmas Eve!
And to-morrow is Christmas Day.

Ah! there's nothing like a Christmas Eve!
To change Life's bitter gall to sweet,
And change the sweet to gall again;
To take the thorns from out our feet —
The thorns and all their dreary pain,

Only to put them back again.

To take old stings from out our heart,
Old stings that made them bleed and smart,
Only to sharpen them the more,
And press them back to the heart's own core.

Ah! no Eve is like the Christmas Eve!
Fears and hopes, and hopes and fears,
Tears and smiles, and smiles and tears,
Cheers and sighs and sighs and cheers,
Sweet and bitter, bitter and sweet.

Bright and dark and dark and bright,
All these mingle, all these meet,
In this great and solemn night.

Ah! there's nothing like a Christmas Eve!
To meet with a kindly glowing heart,
From off our souls the snow and sleet,
The dreary drift of wintry years,
Only to make the cold wind blow,
Only to make a colder snow:
And make it drift, and drift and drift,

In flakes so icy cold and swift;
Until the heart that lies below
Is cold, and colder than the snow.

And thus with the shadows only,
And the dreamings they unweave;
Alone, and yet not lonely,
I keep my Christmas Eve.

'Tis passing fast!
My fireless, lampless room
Is a mass of moveless gloom:
And without — a darkness vast,
Solemn — Starless — Still!
Heaven and Earth doth fill.
But, list! there soundeth a bell,
With a mysterious ding, dong, dell!
Is it, say, is it a funeral knell?
Solemn and slow
Now loud — now low;
Pealing the notes of human woe
Over the graves lying under the snow!
Ah! that pitiless ding, dong, dell!

Trembling along the gale,
Under the stars and over the snow.
Why is it? Whence is it sounding so?

Is it the toll of a bridal bell?

Or is it a spirit's wail?

Solemnly — mournfully

Sad — and how lornfully!

Ding, dong, dell!

Whence is it? who can tell?

And the marvellous notes, they sink and swell,

Sadder, and sadder, and sadder still!

How the sounds tremble! how they thrill

Every tone

So like a moan;

As if the strange bell's stranger clang

Throbbled with a terrible human pang.

Ding, dong, dell!

Dismally — drearily —

Ever so wearily!

Far off and faint as a Requiem plaint,
Floats the deep-toned voice of the mystic bell.

Piercingly — thrillingly,
Icily — chillingly,
Near — and more near,
Drear —and more drear,
Sounded the wild, weird ding, dong, dell.
Now sinking lower,
It tolleth slower!

I list, and I hear it sound no more:
And now methinks I know that bell;
Know it well — know its knell —
For I often heard it sound before.
It is a bell — yet not a bell
Whose sound may reach the ear!
It tolls a knell — yet not a knell
Which earthly sense may hear.

In every soul a bell of dole
Hangs ready to be tolled;
And from that bell a funeral knell
Is often, often rolled;
And Memory is the Sexton grey
Who tolls the dreary knell;

And nights like this he loves to sway
And swing his mystic bell.
'Twas that I heard and nothing more,
This lonely Christmas Eve;
Then, for the dead I'll meet no more
At Christmas, let me grieve.
Night, be a priest! — put your dark stole on
And murmur a holy prayer
Over each grave, and for every one
Lying down lifeless there!
And over the dead stands the high-priest Night,
Robed in his shadowy stole;
And beside him I kneel, as his Acolyte
To respond to his prayer of dole.
And list! he begins
That psalm for sins,
The first of the mournful seven,
Plaintive and soft
It rides aloft,
Begging the mercy of Heaven
To pity and forgive,
For the sake of those who live,

The dead who have died unshriven.
Miserere! Miserere.

Still your heart and hush your breath!
The voices of Despair and Death
Are shuddering through the psalm!
Miserere! Miserere.

Lift your hearts! the Terror dies!
Up in yonder sinless skies
The psalms sound sweet and calm!
Miserere! Miserere.

Very low in tender tones,
The music pleads, the music moans:
"I forgive and have forgiven
The dead who died unshriven!"
De profundis! De profundis.

Psalm of the dead and disconsolate!
Thou hast sounded through a thousand years,
And pealed above ten thousand biers;
And still, sad Psalm, you mourn the fate

Of sinners and just,
When their souls are going up to God,
Their bodies down to dust.
Dread hymn! you wring the saddest tears
From mortal eyes that fall,
And your notes wake the darkest fears
That human hearts appal!
You sound o'er the good, you sound o'er the bad,
And ever your music is sad, is sad.
We seem to hear mournured, in every tone,
For the saintly, a blessing; for sinners, a curse.
Psalm, sad psalm! you must pray and grieve
Over our Dead on this Christmas Eve.
De profundis! De profundis.

And the Night chants the Psalm o'er the mortal clay,
And the spirits immortal from far away,
To the music of Hope sings this sweet-toned lay;
You think of the Dead on Christmas Eve,
Wherever the Dead are sleeping;
And we from a Land where we may not grieve,
Look tenderly on you weeping.

You think us far, we are very near,
From you and the Earth though parted.
We sing to-night to console and cheer
The hearts of the broken-hearted.

The Earth watches over the lifeless clay
Of each of its countless sleepers;
And the sleepless Spirits that passed away
Watch over all Earth's weepers.

We shall meet again in a brighter Land,
Where farewell is never spoken;
We shall clasp each other hand in hand,
And the clasp shall not be broken.

We shall meet in a bright, calm clime,
Where we'll never know a sadness;
And our lives shall be filled, like a Christmas chime,
With rapture and with gladness.

The snows shall pass from our graves away,
And you from the Earth, remember;
And the flowers of a bright, eternal May,

Shall follow Earth's December.

When you think of us, think not of the tomb
Where you laid us down in sorrow ;
But look aloft, and beyond Earth's gloom,
And wait for the great To-morrow.

And the Pontiff, Night, with his dark stole on,
Whispereth soft and low ;
Requiescat ! Requiescat !
Peace ! Peace to every one
For whom we grieve, this Christmas Eve,
In their graves beneath the snow.

The stars in the far-off Heaven
Have long since struck eleven !
And hark ! from Temple and from Tower ;
Soundeth Time's grandest midnight hour,
Blessed by the Saviour's birth.
And Night putteth off its sable stole,
Symbol of sorrow and sign of dole,
For one with many a starry gem,
To honor the Babe of Bethlehem.

Who comes to Men, the King of them,
Yet comes without robe or diadem,
And all turn toward the holy East,
To hear the Song of the Christmas Feast.

Four thousand years Earth waited,
Four thousand years men prayed,
Four thousand years the Nations sighed,
That their King so long delayed.

The prophets told His coming,
The saintly for Him sighed;
And the Star of the Babe of Bethlehem
Shone o'er them when they died.

Their faces towards the Future —
They longed to hail the Light
That, in after centuries,
Would rise on Christmas night.

But still the Savior tarried
In his Father's home;
And the Nations wept and wondered why

The Promised had not come.

At last, Earth's hope was granted,
And God was a Child of Earth;
And a thousand angels chanted
The lowly midnight birth.

Ah! Bethlehem was grander
That hour than Paradise;
And the light of Earth that night eclipsed
The splendors of the skies.

Then let us sing the Anthem
The angels once did sing;
United with the music of love and praise,
The whole wide world will ring.

Gloria in excelsis!
Sound the thilling song,
In excelsis Deo!
Roll the hymn along.
Gloria in excelsis!
Let the Heavens ring;

In excelsis Deo!

Welcome, new-born King.

Gloria in excelsis!

Over the sea and land;

In excelsis Deo!

Chant the Anthem grand.

Gloria in excelsis!

Let us all rejoice;

In excelsis Deo!

Lift each heart and voice.

Gloria in excelsis!

Swell the hymn on high;

In excelsis Deo!

Sound it to the sky.

Gloria in excelsis!

Sing it, sinful Earth,

In excelsis Deo!

For the Saviour's birth.

Thus joyful and victoriously,

Glad and ever so gloriously

High as the Heavens — wide as the Earth —

Swelleth the hymn of the Saviour's birth.

Lo! the day is waking
In the East afar;
Dawn is fairly breaking —
Sunk in every star.

Christmas Eve has vanished
With its shadows grey;
All its griefs are banished
By bright Christmas day.

Joyful chimes are ringing,
O'er the land and seas,
And there comes glad singing
Borne on every breeze.

Little ones so merry
Bed-clothes coyly lift,
And in such a hurry
Prattle "Christmas gift!"

Little heads so curly,
Knowing Christmas laws,

Peep out very early
For old "Santa Claus."

Little eyes are laughing
O'er their Christmas toys;
Older ones are quaffing
Cups of Christmas joys.

Hearts are joyous, cheerful,
Faces all are gay;
None are sad and tearful
On bright Christmas Day.

Hearts are light and bounding,
All from care are free;
Homes are all resounding
With a happy glee.

Feet with feet are meeting,
Bent on Pleasure's way;
Souls to souls give greeting
Warm on Christmas Day.

Gifts are kept a-going

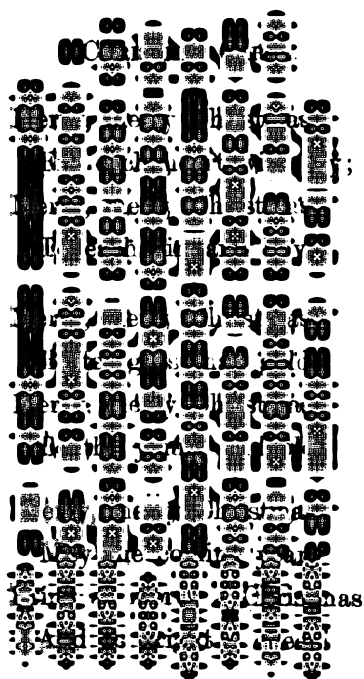
Fast from hand to hand;
Blessings are a-flowing
Over every land.

One vast wave of gladness
Sweeps its world-wide way,
Drowning every sadness
On this Christmas Day.

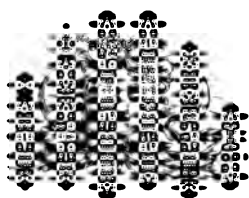
Merry, merry Christmas,
Haste around the Earth;
Merry, merry Christmas,
Scatter smiles and mirth.

Merry, merry Christmas,
Be to one and all;
Merry, merry Christmas,
Enter hut and Hall.

Merry, merry Christmas,
Be to rich and poor!
Merry, merry Christmas,
Stop at every door.



as



“Tired.”

BY MISS L. E. D.

T I R E D .

Wheel my chair out, will you Alice,
By the old stone seat
Under the dear old tree
Laden with blossoms sweet.

For the soft Spring air is gentle
And I'm so tired of that room,
Tired of life, little Alice,
With all its sorrows and gloom.

And I would see the sun sink,
As the end draws nigh
From that same old seat,
As I did in days gone by.

Many and many a time, little Alice,
When the toil of day was done,
Have I sat on this same old seat
Watching the setting sun.

Until its golden and purple splendor,
Faded away in the West,
Still I would linger yearning
At my heart a vague unrest.

For I was young and restless,
And my longings all were rife,
For the world and its golden pleasures
For another, a wider life —

Perhaps you have heard, little Alice,
How I left the old life behind,
And quenched the endless yearning
For the faces loved and kind.

How I worked and strove to win,
With ceaseless toil and zest
One of the golden pleasures, child,
A golden sorrow at best.

Yes, and won, little Alice,
 Won, what brought but pain,
For I was crushed and broken,
 Tired in heart and brain.

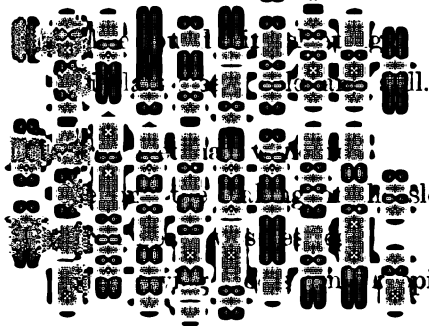
Then I came back home, little Alice,
 Knowing the end was nigh.
Home! that word is sweet, child
 But it was only home, to die! —

Now, leave me here, little Alice,
 By the old stone seat,
Under the dear old tree
 Laden with blossoms sweet.

Leave me to dream a little
 In the sunset fair and still,
And come and call me, Alice,
 When the air is growing chill.

* * * * *

The calm spring sunset faded
 The air grew cold and chill,



sleeping,

ping —



Four Pictures.

DAWN - MORNING - EVENING - NIGHT.

BY E. W. D.

DAWN.

A streak of heavenly light
Dispels the blackness of the night,

Lo, the welcome dawn!

The grand and warlike Mars,
The dim light of the stars,

See, both have gone!

The trees in vesture green,
The plants and flowers are seen

As the darkness fades!

The tiny bird on yonder limb
Chirps, and sings his early hymn,

Adieu, adieu, night's shades.

The shepherd from far away
Heads his flock at break of day

To the murmuring rill!

See the gay dairy maid now
Walking toward that lazy cow

Browsing on the hill.

MORNING.

Burst forth monarch of day
Bring thy brightness in display,
 Animate our souls!

Out from his crimsoned bed
The sun of fiery red
 His head upholds!

The lark soars out on high
Way up toward the bright, blue sky
 Chanting a morning song!

The dainty flowers wide awake,
The dew from their petals shake.
 See the wordly throng!

All is bustle, mirth and noise,
For old and young, and girls and boys.
 We see another day!

The glorious landscape, what a sight!
To see it, in the bright sunlight
 Stretching far away.

EVENING.

The sun has gone to rest,
Slumbered far off in the West,
 Dark shades appear!
The work of day is done
Each one has sought his home,
 Evening is here!

The light on the mountain and hill,
Gives place to the cry of the whip-poor-will.
 The bustle so gay,
And sweet music of the bird,
Though we listen, are not heard —
 Both have faded away!

Deeper and deeper the shadows
On the plains and meadows,
 Steal on silently!
Quiet, calm, and sweet repose,
Close the eyes of the drooping rose,
 Dreaming there so quietly!

NIGHT.

Lo, the darkness covers earth!
No cry of joy, no sound of mirth
Breaks on the night!
But see the brilliant rays of silver
How they dance, and laugh and quiver,
Oh beautiful sight!

T'is the queen of fervent love
Who shines upon us from above,
The sweet pale moon!
And the bright stars all around
Like diamonds in the sky abound
Seem to ask a boon.

On earth, all deep in sleep,
And the stars their vigils keep,
While the music blended
Of the breeze and murmuring rill
Our happy dreams of future fill,
Another day is ended.

New Year's Eve.

BY C. L. M.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

See the last sun disappear —

For night is coming fast,

And the last day of the year

Is almost of the past.

Alone in my secluded room,

Lost in remembrance dear,

My thoughts fly swiftly thro' the gloom

To scenes so far from here.

The sweet old days return again,

Of boyhood far away ;

Where joyous Springs for ever reign

And gild our brightest day.

Where streams of purest crystal wind

Their way from peaks of snow,

Along Life's pathless track to find

The mazy vales below.

Ah, happy vales! supreme
In songs of praise oft sung,
From the Poets hopeful dream
When Life and Love are young.

I count the silent, ceaseless tread
Of time that flies so fast —
An hour of Vesper for the dead,
And then the year is past.

The old clock on the stairs
Will sound but once again
I'll end my aching fears
And hush the weird-like strain.

But no! The flight of hours
Drags bleeding hearts far down,
How many, many flowers
Are thus torn from my crown!

'Tis only darkness and despair
Contending for my days
A year gone from a life of care
A sun that's lost its rays.

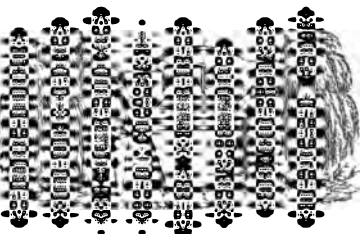
nd:

gn.

ne

from here,

New Year!





100



